In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her here of my sonne *Paris* loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?
Paris. Monday, my Lord.
Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wendsday is too soone,
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her,
Shee shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haste?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tibalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?
Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow,
Capu. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Goe you to *Iuliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my Lord, light to my chamber, ho,
Afore me, it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly shee sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the Herald of the morne,
No Nightingale; looke loue what enuious streakes
Doe lace the seuering clouds in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond day
Stands tip-toe on the mistie Mountaynes tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.
Iu. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:

It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.
Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay then will to goe:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet Diuision.
This doth not so: for she deuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and lothed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsup to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Romeo. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madame *and* Nurse.

Nur. Madam.
Iu. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iu. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Ro. Farewell, farewell one kisse and Ile descend.
Iu. Art thou gone so Loue, Lord, ay husband, friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*